

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 272

32p

The central figure is a man with dark hair and a yellow headband, wearing a red cape and a tactical vest. He holds a large, futuristic silver handgun. A yellow, spiky alien head is positioned in front of his chest. The background is a blue sky with white clouds, and two blue, snarling alien creatures are visible on the left and right sides.

CARTER'S FURY



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STARBLAZER...

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY



The fifth year of Starblazer produced two dozen varied stories, still set firmly in the depths of space. 1983 was a vintage year for artists... Redondo, Geoff Senior, Cam Kennedy and Tony O'Donnell being the best known.

No.	TITLE	AUTHOR	ARTIST
88	TERROR PLANET	M. STALL	ALCATENA
89	THE TOWERING TURBULENCE	R. ASPDEN	MASIP
90	RETURN OF THE PLANET TAMER	G. P. RICE	ORTIZ
91	ACID SEAS OF KOGA	S. NEED	BOLUDA
92	SPACE ASSAULT SQUAD	W. REED	BOLUDA
93	THE MIDAS MACHINE	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
94	THE MEGALOMENACE	M. STALL	SAICHANN
95	GATE TO YESTERDAY	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
96	THE PROMISED PLANET	G. PARKER	REDONDO
97	THE TRIANGLE OF TERROR	M. CHAPPELL	ORTIZ
98	THE LAST PLANET	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
99	THE FLOATING CITIES OF NEXIOS	C. HARRIS	BENET
100	PIRATES OF THE ETHER SEA	R. ASPDEN	REDONDO
101	THE FORGOTTEN WORLD	R. H. BONSALL	ORTIZ
102	THE SIEGE OF SEABED CITY	M. FURNASS	SENIOR
103	ROBOTS OF DEATH	T. STENT	C. PINO
104	BATTLE FOR BEACON BRAVO	ALAN ROGERS	CICUENDEZ
105	THE CONQUERORS OF EARTH	E. G. COWAN	C. KENNEDY
106	SPACE WARRIOR	J. SPEER	SANCHEZ
107	MAGNOM MARAUDERS	M. CHAPPELL	CASANOVAS
108	STAR FORT ALPHA	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
109	SWORD OF SOLEK	R. ASPDEN	ORTIZ
110	TOMB OF TARA	K. GENTRY	BOLUDA
111	SPACE GHOST	E. G. COWAN	T. O'DONNELL

CARTER'S FURY

THIS IS THE HOTEL ROOM, SIR!
IF YOU'RE READY I'LL
NEUTRALIZE THE LOCK.

135
B

134
B

I JUST HOPE HE'S NOT
EXPECTING US, NOLAN!

NOLAN HAD BEEN CARTER'S JUNIOR PARTNER, UNTIL
CARTER HAD RESIGNED. NOW HE WAS TEAMED WITH A
SENIOR LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER WHO WAS MORE
INTERESTED IN HIS PENSION.


DO NOT
DISTURB



**NOLAN COULD HARDLY RESTRAIN HIS
ANGER! THEY'D BEEN TRACKING THIS
CRIMO FOR WEEKS ...**








THAT WAS HIS VACUUM ATTACHMENT, SIR! THEY USE IT TO COLLECT DIRT. INSTEAD OF ARRESTING KARLO, WE'RE GOING TO GET THE DEPARTMENT SUED FOR DAMAGING HOTEL PROPERTY! THESE ANDROIDS DON'T COME CHEAP.

I'LL FILL IN A 3079 REPORT.

HOLAN KNEW CARTER WOULD NEVER HAVE MADE THAT MISTAKE, BUT CARTER WAS PART MACHINE, PART MAN. HIS NEW PARTNER WAS ALL MAN, AND ALL COWARD.



SUSPECT STILL ON THE LOOSE. REQUEST TRAFFIC DIVISION CHECK ALL LAND VEHICLES LEAVING SECTOR ALPHA-9.

I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL HE DIDN'T VAPORISE ONE OF THE GUESTS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MORTUARY AT
THE MAJOR TRAUMA UNIT OF THE
FEDERAL HOSPITAL COMPLEX...

SUBJECT DECEASED
TWENTY MINUTES AGO.
FULL NEURO AND BIO
EMERGENCY PROCEDURES
FAILED TO RESTORE HER
VITAL SIGNS. SUBJECT HAD
BEEN ON LIFE SUPPORT
FOR ONE YEAR.

WE'D BETTER INFORM
NEXT OF KIN AND THE
FEDERAL LAW
ENFORCEMENT
AGENCY.

AND ON A DESOLATE PLANET AT
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY.

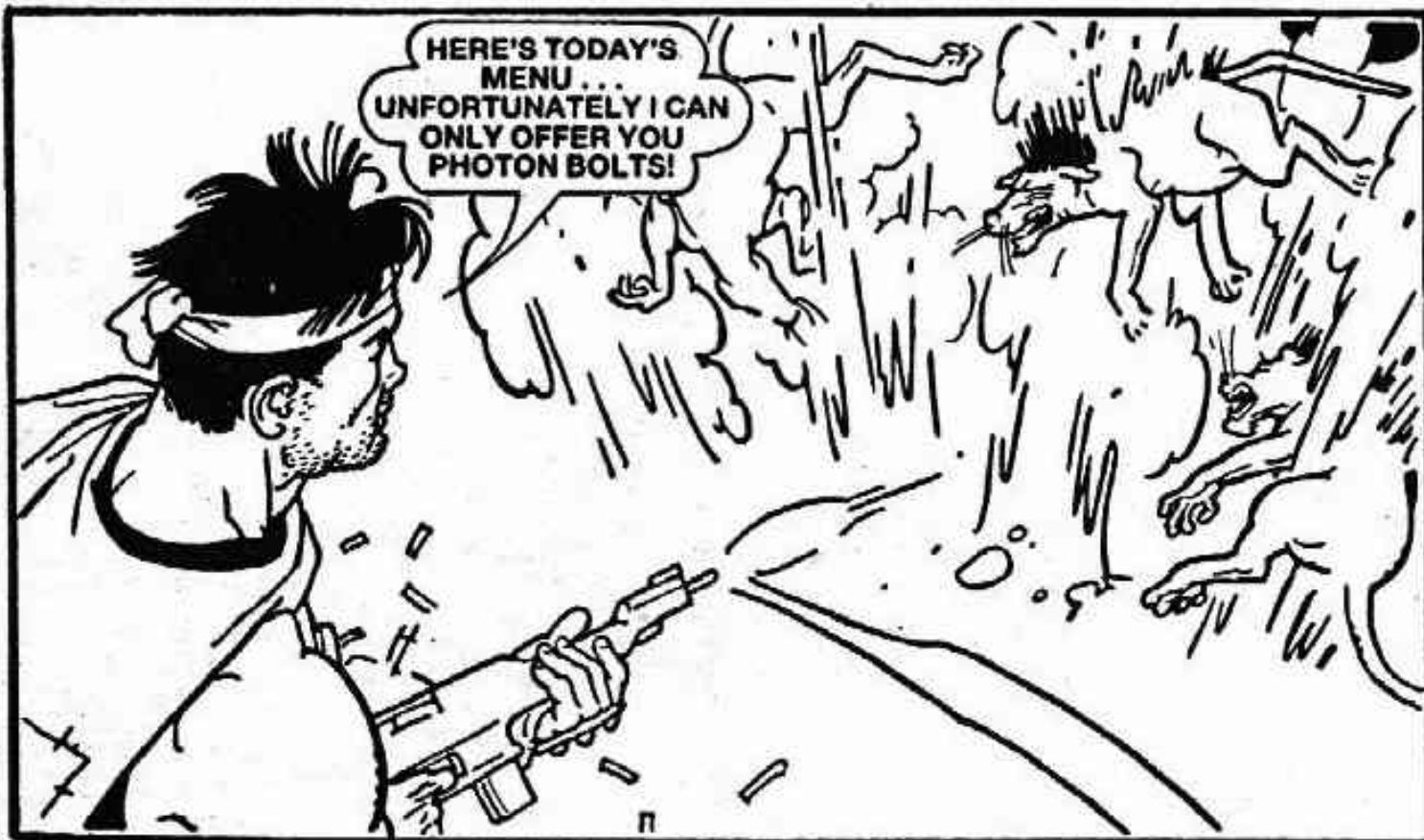
COME ON...
I'M WAITING!

THEY CAME — BALAVIAN MARSHRATSI
A PARTICULARLY NASTY RODENT WITH
A TASTE FOR HUMAN FLESH ...

HUNGRY,
ARE YOU?



HERE'S TODAY'S
MENU ...
UNFORTUNATELY I CAN
ONLY OFFER YOU
PHOTON BOLTS!



9

SUDDENLY, FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE CARTER'S MIND, CAME A BITTER MEMORY IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH A PART OF HIM HAD JUST DIED, AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT ALL THE OLD PAIN AND ANGUISH FLOODED BACK...

LAURA!



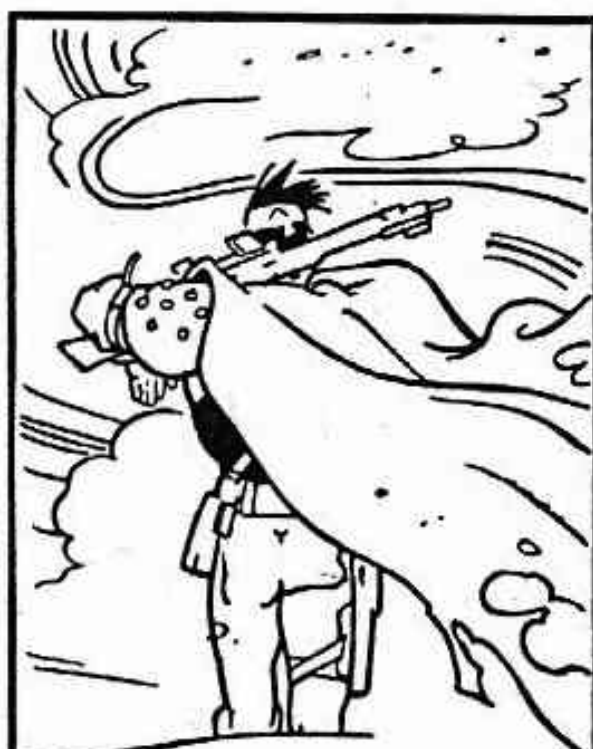
JUST THEN...

NICE WORK,
MR CARTER!

YEAH, THIS LOT
WILL EARN YOU A BONUS.

BALAVIAN
MINING CORP.





A FEW KILOMETRES UP
THE ROAD THEY SPOTTED
AN ABANDONED LAND
VEHICLE...

THERE IT
IS, SIR!

IF HE'S GONE INTO THAT
JUNGLE WE'D BETTER CALL
FOR A BACKUP TEAM.

BY THAT TIME HE
COULD BE MILES AWAY!
IT'S YOUR DECISION,
SIR.

WE'LL GO IN! WE'RE
ALREADY ON THE CHIEF'S
BLAST LIST — AND IF WE
LET KARLO ESCAPE AGAIN
WE'LL END UP REPLACING
THE ANDROID WHO CLEANS
THE PERSONAL
AUTOMATED SANITATION
UNITS!

NOLAN USED HIS BIO-SENSOR. IT
COULD DETECT A HUMAN BEING
WITHIN A 25 METRE RADIUS.

HE'S NOT FAR AWAY,
SIR! WE MUST HAVE
JUST MISSED HIM.


WE'VE BEEN "JUST
MISSING" THIS CRIMO FOR
THE PAST THREE WEEKS!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK HE
DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!

AAAAGGGGGHHHH!

WRONG, COP!

A black and white comic panel showing a large, muscular man in a striped tank top. He is holding a handgun in his right hand, pointing it forward. His mouth is wide open in a shout, and his expression is one of intense defiance. The background is simple, with some horizontal lines suggesting a ground surface.

NO ONE'S GOING TO TAKE ME
ALIVE! ... HEAR ME? NO ONE!

A black and white comic panel showing the same man from the previous panel, now on the ground. He is in a crouched position, looking back over his shoulder with a pained expression. His right arm is raised, holding the handgun. In the background, a smaller figure is crouching and firing a handgun at him. A speech bubble from the background figure says "FAIR ENOUGH!". Another speech bubble from the man on the ground says "URRRRRRGGGGHHHH!".

FAIR ENOUGH!

URRRRRRGGGGHHHH!

NOLAN RETURNED TO BASE.

NICE WORK, NOLAN. SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR PARTNER!

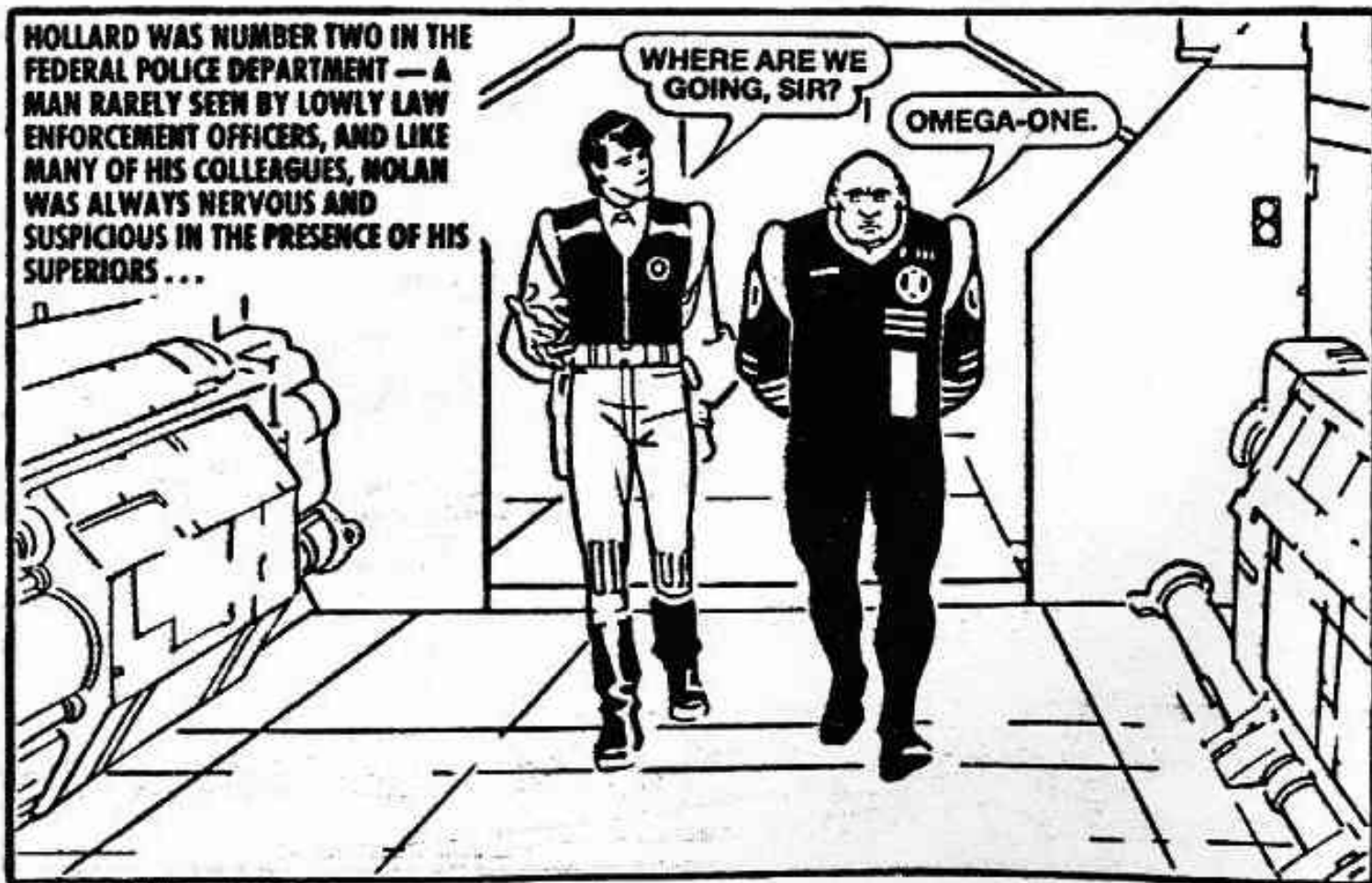
NO, YOU AREN'T . . . IT SAVES YOU PAYING HIS PENSION.

NOLAN . . . YOU'RE TO REPORT TO THE DEEP SPACE SHUTTLE BASE RIGHT AWAY. CHIEF LEGAL EXECUTIVE HOLLARD WILL MEET YOU THERE.

HOLLARD WAS NUMBER TWO IN THE FEDERAL POLICE DEPARTMENT — A MAN RARELY SEEN BY LOWLY LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS, AND LIKE MANY OF HIS COLLEAGUES, NOLAN WAS ALWAYS NERVOUS AND SUSPICIOUS IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS SUPERIORS . . .

WHERE ARE WE GOING, SIR?

OMEGA-ONE.



THE WORDS SENT A CHILL DOWN NOLAN'S SPINE.

THE PLANET OF THE DEAD!
THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE
LAST PLACE IN THE GALAXY
ANYONE WOULD CHOOSE
TO VISIT!

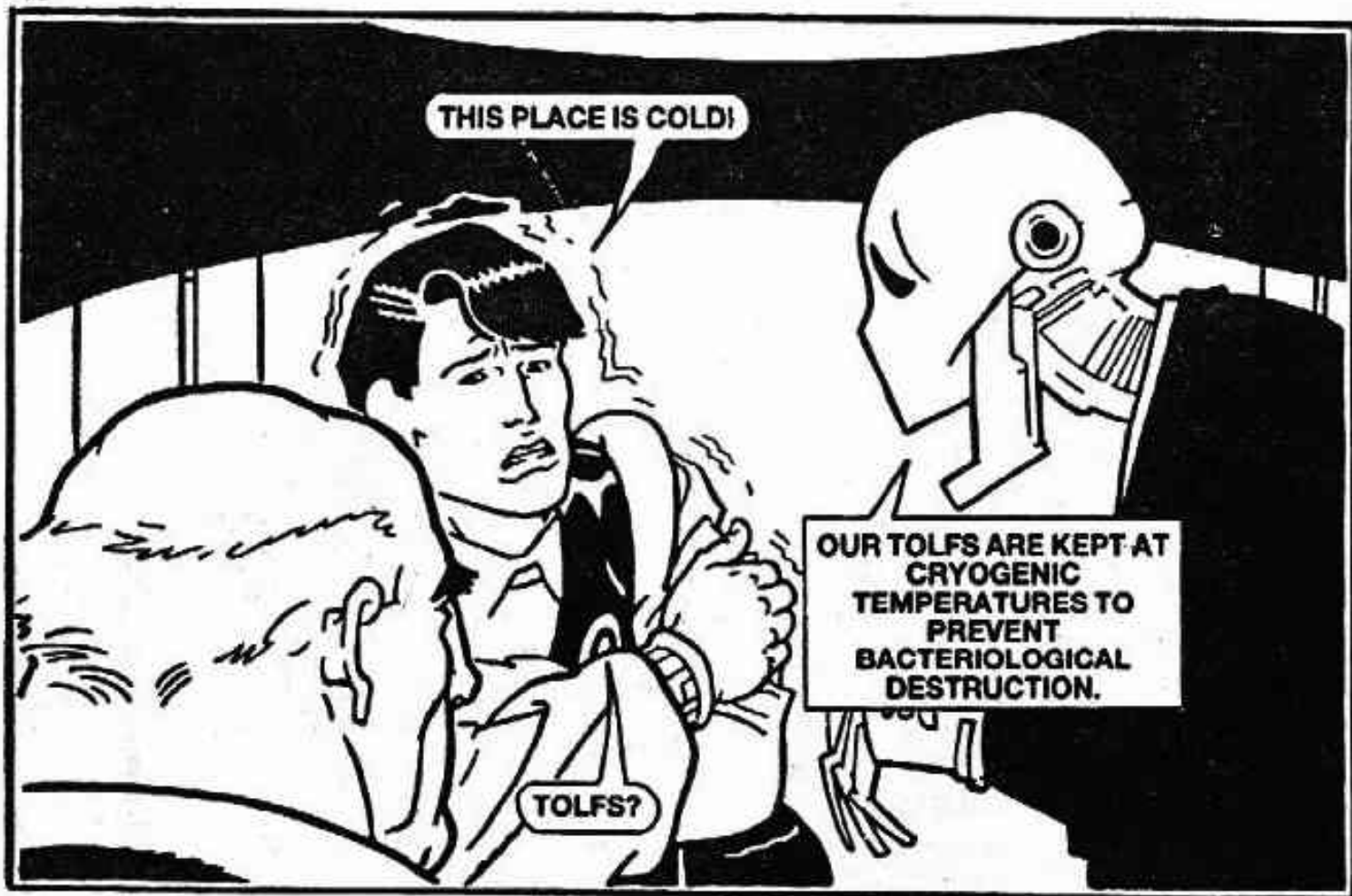
A black and white comic panel showing a man with dark hair and a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of shock or fear. He is looking out of a circular window of a spacecraft. The background shows a simple line drawing of the spacecraft's interior.

A FEW HOURS LATER NOLAN FOUND
HIMSELF ON THE FROZEN PLANET
CALLED OMEGA-ONE...

GREETINGS AND MY DEEPEST
REGRETS. YOU HAVE COME TO
VISIT A LOVED ONE?

WE'RE HERE ON
POLICE BUSINESS.

A black and white comic panel showing a wide, desolate landscape of a frozen planet. The ground is covered in jagged, layered ice formations. In the distance, a small, dark building or structure is visible. The sky is a flat, light gray. The overall tone is cold and ominous.



IN THE VIEWING ROOM THE ANDROID ACTIVATED THE COMPUTER WHICH SELECTED THE CORRECT CRYO-COFFIN FROM THE MILLIONS STORED DEEP BENEATH THE PLANET'S SURFACE...

TOLF LB-7730,
AS REQUESTED.

THANK YOU. YOU MAY
LEAVE US NOW.

CC/76. MKII
LB 7730

DO NOT TOUCH!
SUB-COOL TEMPERATURE



LAURA! BUT THE
LAST TIME I SAW
HER...

THE OPERATION WENT
WELL, BUT THEN HER
TISSUES REJECTED THE
BIONIC
REPLACEMENTS.
APPARENTLY IT STILL
HAPPENS IN SPITE OF
ALL THE LATEST
WONDER DRUGS.

T
RC

THERE'S BEEN A HUGE INCREASE IN THE CRIME STATISTICS AND WE WANT CARTER BACK. AN OFFICER OF HIS EXPERIENCE AND CALIBRE IS TOO VITAL TO WASTE.



AS THEY HEADED BACK TO THE LIFT —
NOLAN LOOKED BACK TO SEE THE
CRYO-COFFIN FOLLOWING THEM.

NOT TO MENTION ALL THE
CREDITS THE FEDERATION
INVESTED IN MAKING
CARTER WHAT HE IS.

YOU'RE GETTING
CYNICAL, NOLAN.



LAURA'S BODY WAS LOADED INTO THE SHIP
AND WITHIN MINUTES THEY HAD LEFT THE
PLANET OF THE DEAD.

LAURA IS THE KEY. IF
CARTER KNEW SHE WAS
ALIVE, HE MIGHT COME
BACK.

BUT SHE ISN'T ALIVE, SIR.

HOLLARD HAD STILL ONE MORE
SURPRISE UP HIS SLEEVE...

THIS IS PROFESSOR
DORFMANN, A LEADING
NEUROLOGIST. HE KNOWS
MORE ABOUT THE HUMAN
BRAIN THAN ANYONE IN THE
GALAXY.

THANK YOU, MR HOLLARD.

I'VE RUN THE DETAILS
THROUGH MY COMPUTER
AND IT MAY BE POSSIBLE
TO RESTORE HER TO
LIFE... BUT ONLY IN A
LIMITED WAY. I CAN
RESTORE HER BRAIN
FUNCTIONS, BUT NOT HER
LIMBS. SHE'LL BE A
CRIPPLE FOR THE REST OF
HER LIFE.

A PITY, BUT
IT'LL DO!

SUDDENLY IT ALL CLICKED INTO PLACE. NOLAN FELT SICK TO HIS STOMACH!

A PITY? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT HER . . . YOU'RE JUST USING HER AS BAIT TO BRING CARTER BACK! AND I CAN'T BELIEVE THE FEDERATION WOULD CONDONE ANYTHING AS SICK AND DEPRAVED AS THIS.

HAVE YOU FINISHED, NOLAN?

HOLLARD'S WORDS LEFT NOLAN IN NO DOUBT — LAURA'S FATE WAS SEALED.

YOUR MORAL ARGUMENTS HAVE BEEN NOTED. YOUR ORDERS ARE TO LOCATE CARTER AND TELL HIM WHAT'S HAPPENED. WE'LL BE DOCKING AT SPACE STATION REGUS IN TEN MINUTES AND YOU'LL FIND A CLASS 'A' PATROL SHIP WAITING FOR YOU. USE ANY METHODS YOU SEE FIT TO COMPLETE YOUR MISSION.

SO NOLAN'S LONG SEARCH BEGAN ...

I HAVEN'T SEEN
CARTER SINCE THE
RIOTS HERE TWO
YEARS AGO.

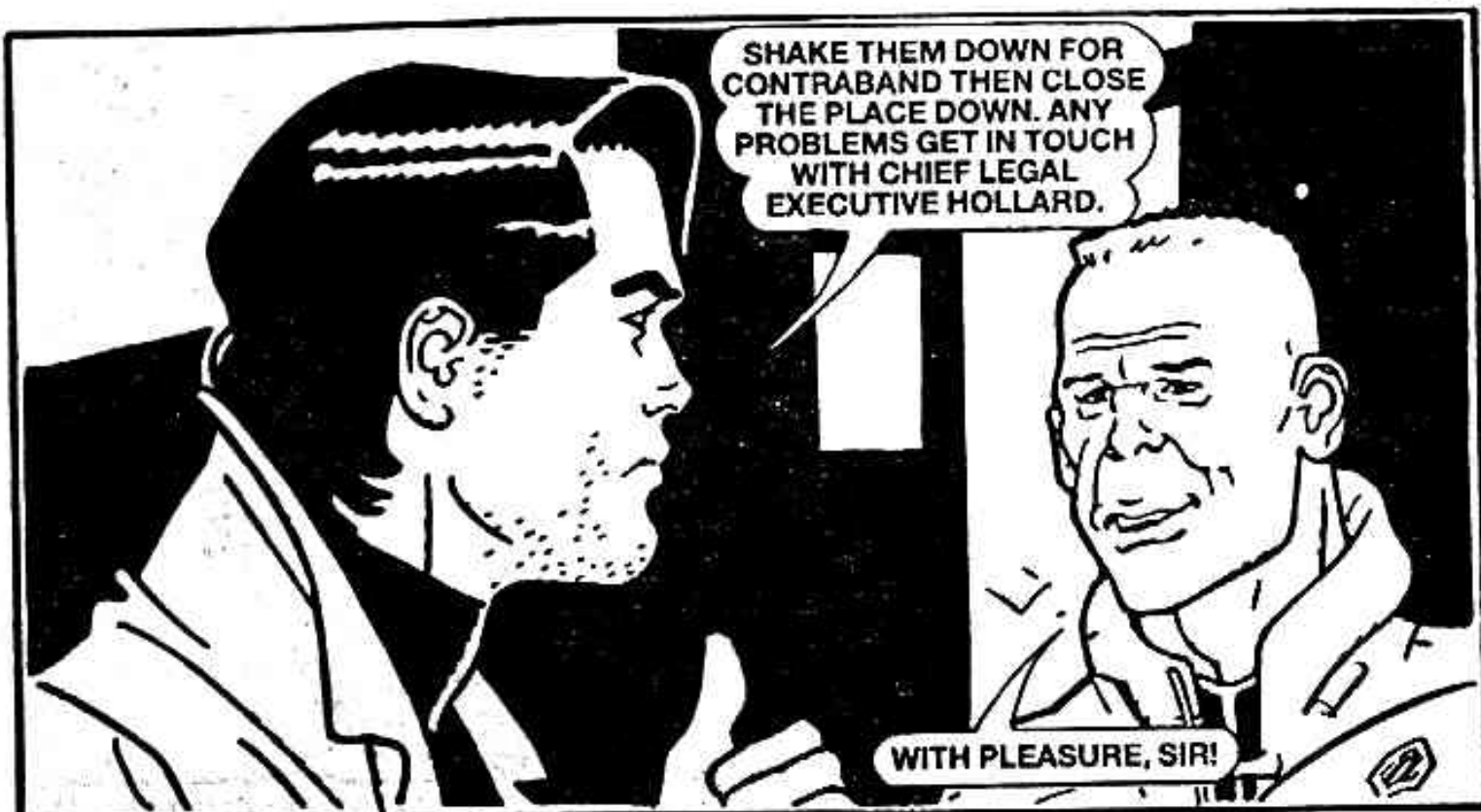
IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING
CONTACT ME ON THE
INTER-GALACTIC
VIDPHONE.

THEN, IN A SEEDY BAR ON A RUN
DOWN SPACE STATION IN THE
FOURTH NEBULAR ARM ...

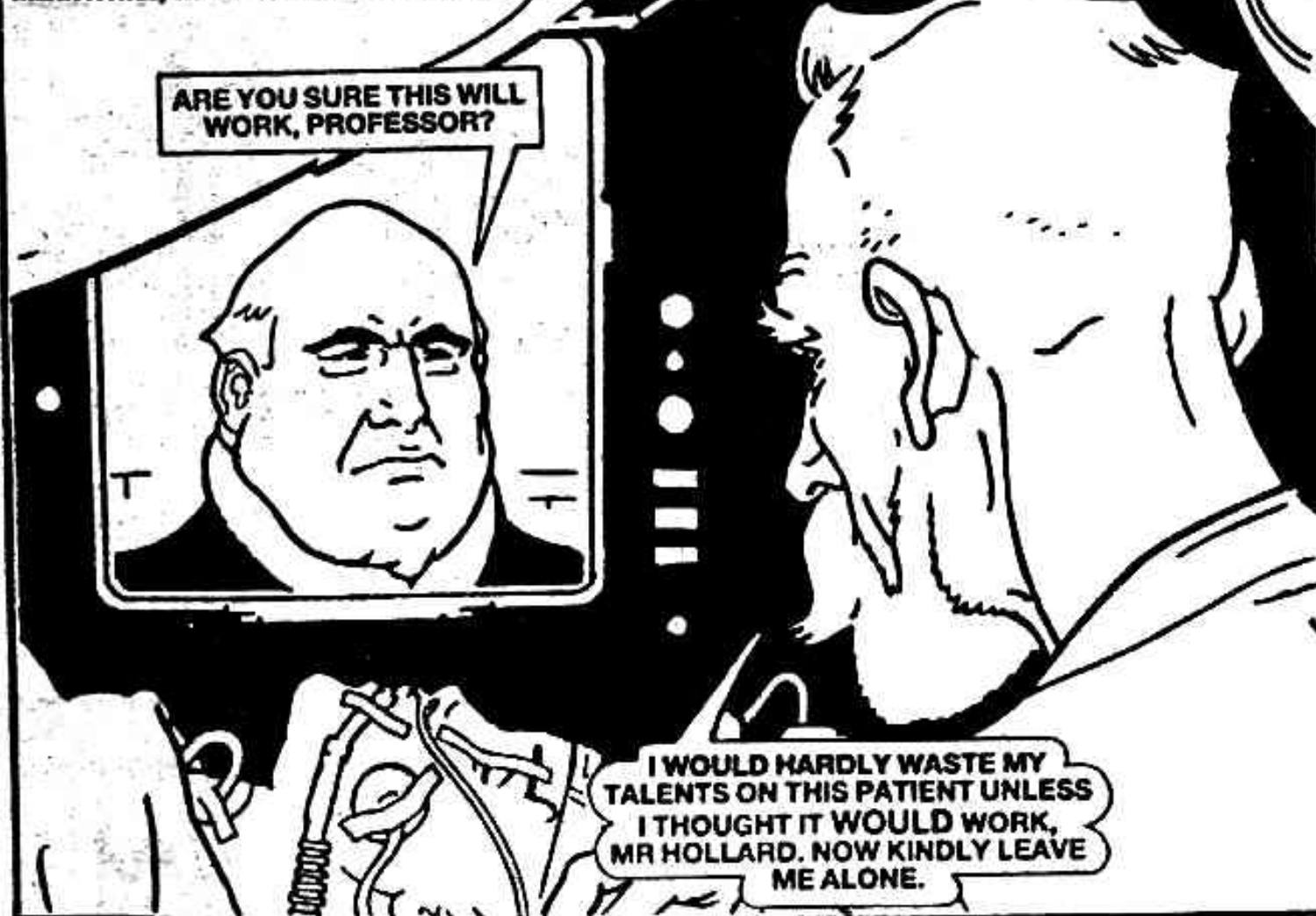
IF I KNEW WHERE THAT
MANDROID WAS I
CERTAINLY WOULDN'T
TELL YOU!

PERHAPS I CAN
PERSUADE YOU.





MEANWHILE, IN AN OPERATING ROOM...



AT THE TRADING POST ...

THAT'S HIM! I NEVER
FORGET A FACE ...
ESPECIALLY NOT ONE LIKE
THAT.

HE DIDN'T HAPPEN TO
MENTION WHERE HE
WAS HEADED?



BACK ON HIS SHIP NOLAN DECIDED TO GO THROUGH THE COMPUTER RECORDS OF ALL THE CASES CARTER HAD WORKED ON. IT WAS A LONG SHOT, BUT HE WAS WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING.



FILE BETA-88775. REPORTED ALIEN PRESENCE CAUSING ANDROIDS TO MALFUNCTION AT THE MINING COMPLEX ON ...

I WONDER!

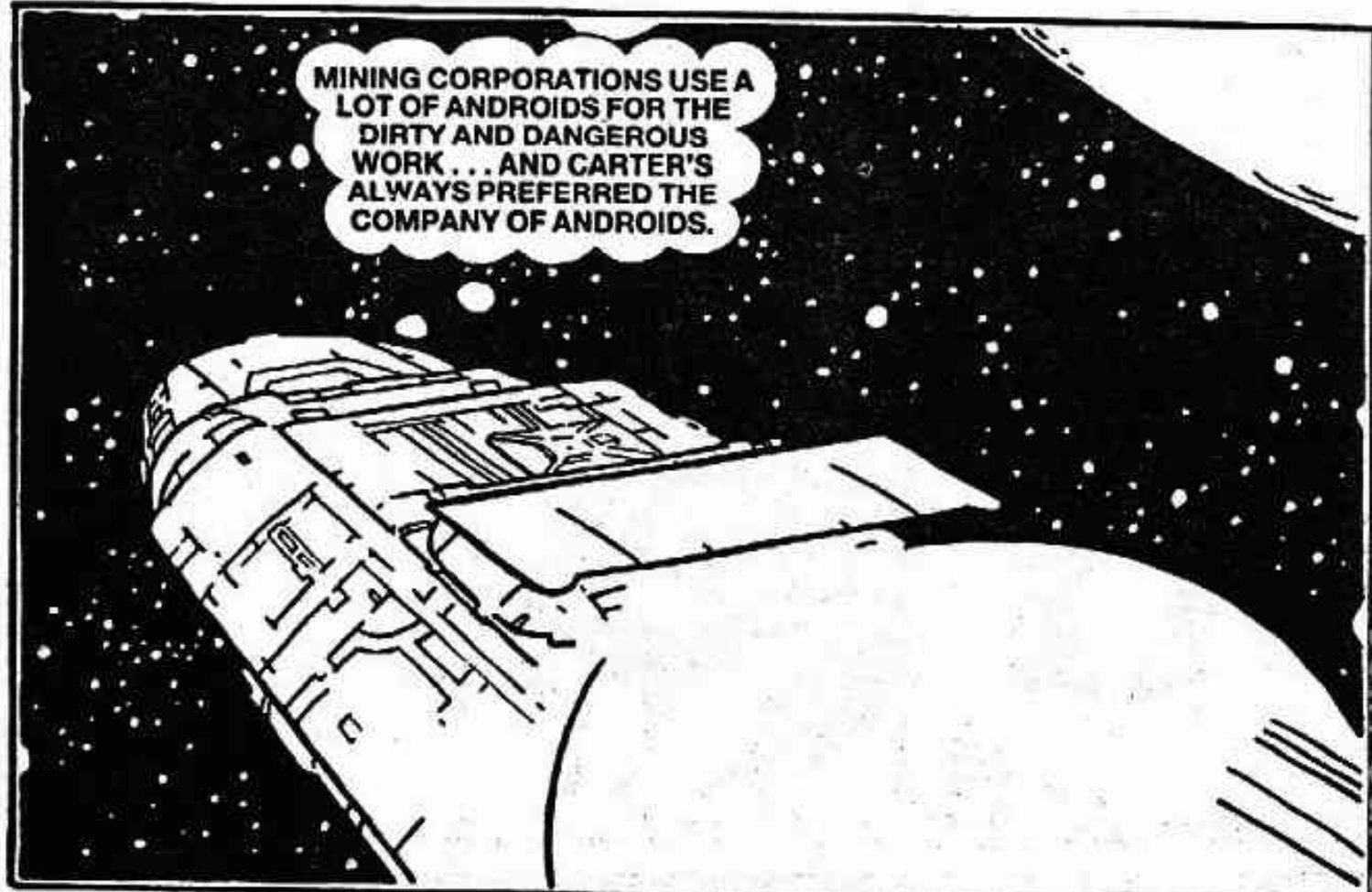
ON A HUNCH NOLAN CONTACTED THE FEDERAL MINING REGISTRATION OFFICE ...

THE FURTHEST OUTPOST IS A PLANET RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY. A SURVEY REVEALED THE SURFACE WAS RICH IN MAGNOTRON-B.

THAT COULD BE IT! DOWNLOAD THE CO-ORDINATES TO MY NAVIGATION SYSTEM.



MINING CORPORATIONS USE A LOT OF ANDROIDS FOR THE DIRTY AND DANGEROUS WORK... AND CARTER'S ALWAYS PREFERRED THE COMPANY OF ANDROIDS.



AT THAT MOMENT...

LAURA?



IT WAS A DREAM . . . JUST A
DREAM. THAT'S WHY I ENVY
THE ANDROIDS SO. THEY
FEEL NO PAIN OR
LONELINESS — AND THEY
HAVE NO NEED TO SLEEP.



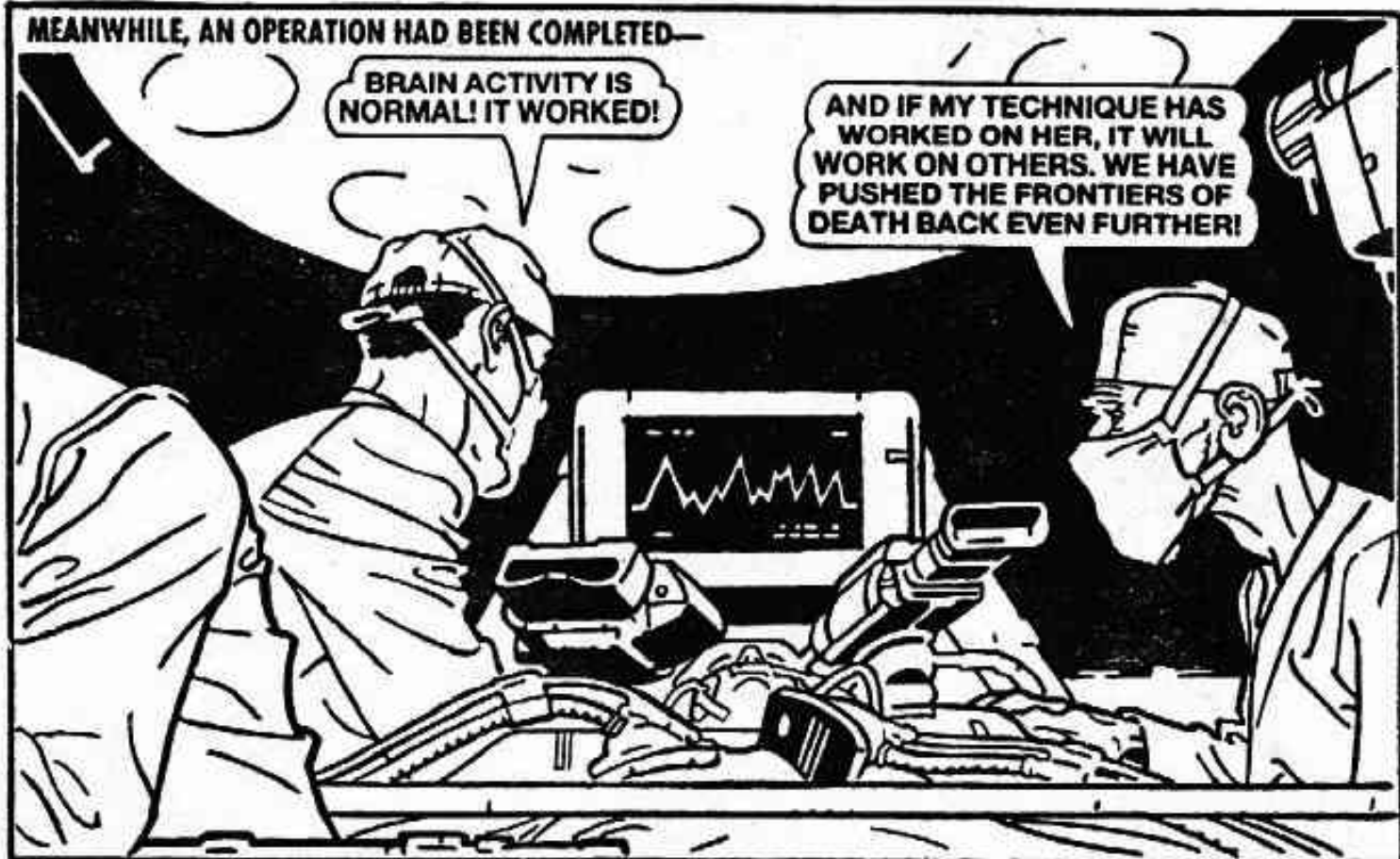
I HAVE HAD BUT TWO LOVES
IN MY LIFE. ONE WAS MY
WORK AND THE OTHER . . .
THE OTHER WAS TAKEN
FROM ME. NOW THERE IS
NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR.



MEANWHILE, AN OPERATION HAD BEEN COMPLETED—

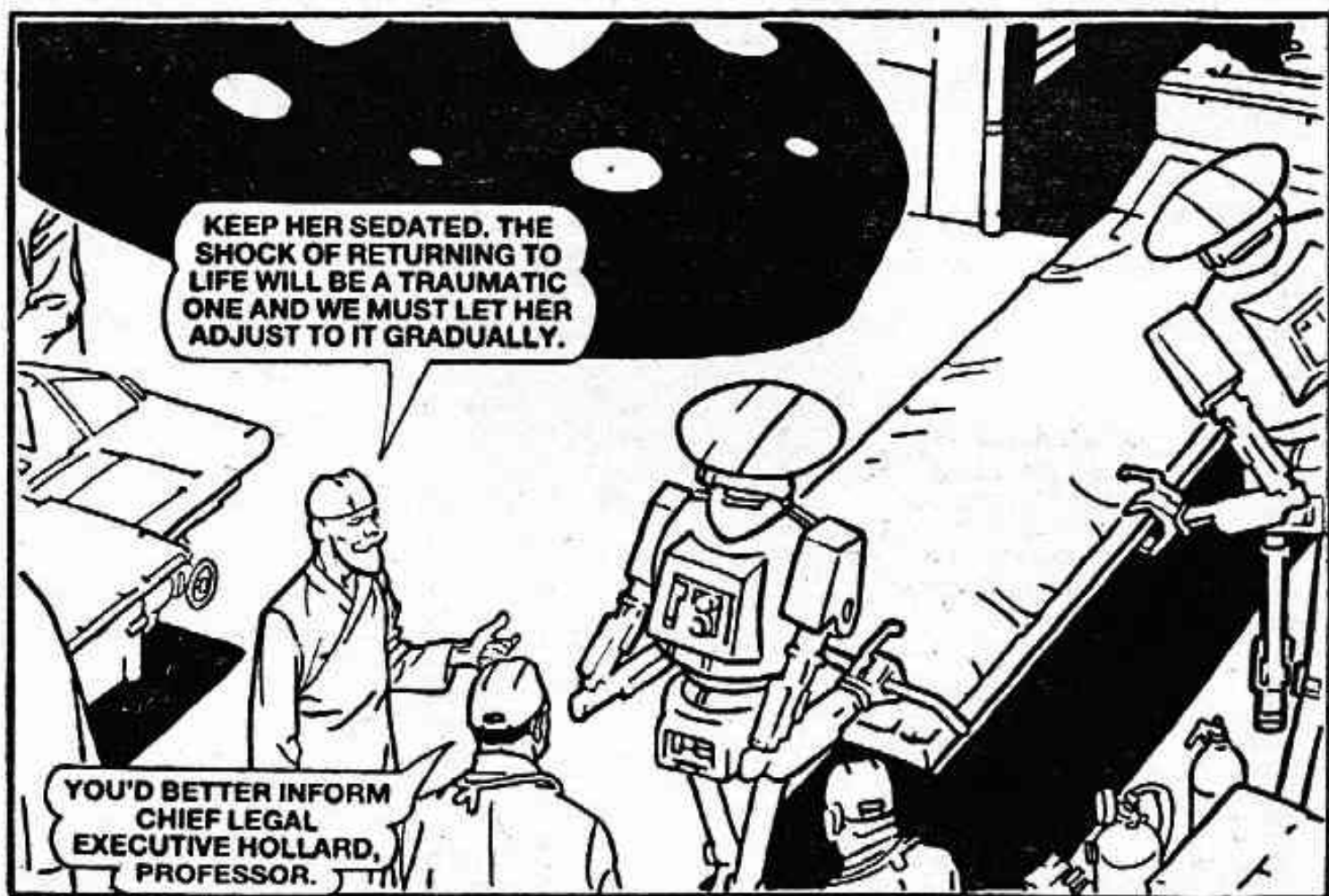
BRAIN ACTIVITY IS
NORMAL! IT WORKED!

AND IF MY TECHNIQUE HAS
WORKED ON HER, IT WILL
WORK ON OTHERS. WE HAVE
PUSHED THE FRONTIERS OF
DEATH BACK EVEN FURTHER!



KEEP HER SEDATED. THE
SHOCK OF RETURNING TO
LIFE WILL BE A TRAUMATIC
ONE AND WE MUST LET HER
ADJUST TO IT GRADUALLY.

YOU'D BETTER INFORM
CHIEF LEGAL
EXECUTIVE HOLLARD,
PROFESSOR.

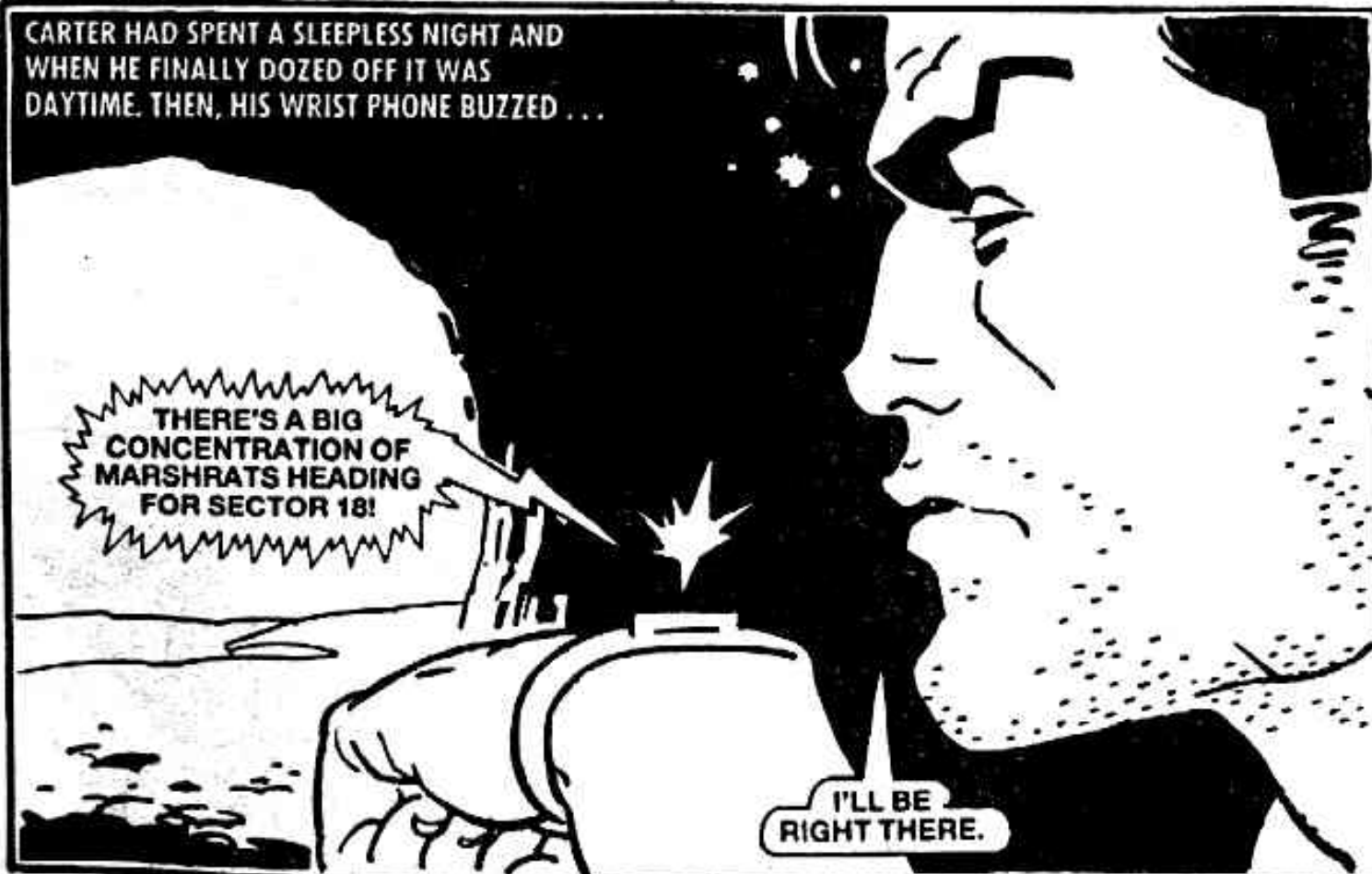




THAT'S PHASE ONE
COMPLETED, SIR.

GOOD! NOW LET'S JUST
HOPE NOLAN IS AS LUCKY
LOCATING OUR MANDROID
FRIEND.

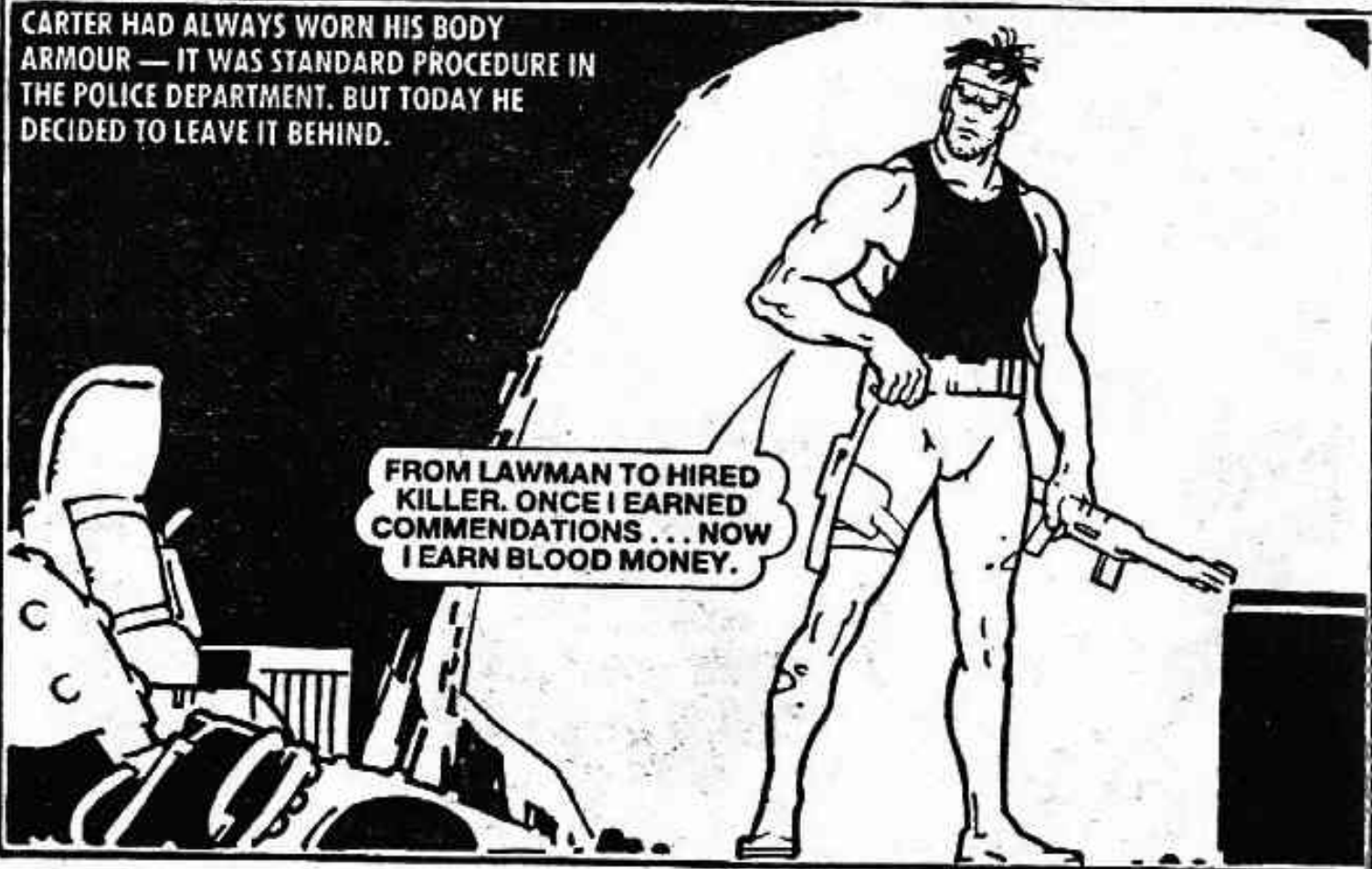
CARTER HAD SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT AND
WHEN HE FINALLY DOZED OFF IT WAS
DAYTIME. THEN, HIS WRIST PHONE BUZZED ...




THERE'S A BIG
CONCENTRATION OF
MARSHRATS HEADING
FOR SECTOR 18!

I'LL BE
RIGHT THERE.


CARTER HAD ALWAYS WORN HIS BODY ARMOUR — IT WAS STANDARD PROCEDURE IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. BUT TODAY HE DECIDED TO LEAVE IT BEHIND.



FROM LAWMAN TO HIRED KILLER. ONCE I EARNED COMMENDATIONS... NOW I EARN BLOOD MONEY.



BUT FOR THE MARSHRAT THERE IS NO LAW, ONLY SWIFT TERMINATION WITHOUT MERCY. THEY HAVE COMMITTED NO CRIME, YET I HUNT THEM DOWN. WHY?



BECAUSE HUNTING AND KILLING ARE THE ONLY GIFTS I CAN OFFER HUMANITY.

AT SECTOR 18 ...

THE MARSHRATS HAVE
CHEWED RIGHT THROUGH
THE MAIN POWER CABLE.

WHERE'S CARTER?



YOU CALLED!

IT'S CARTER!

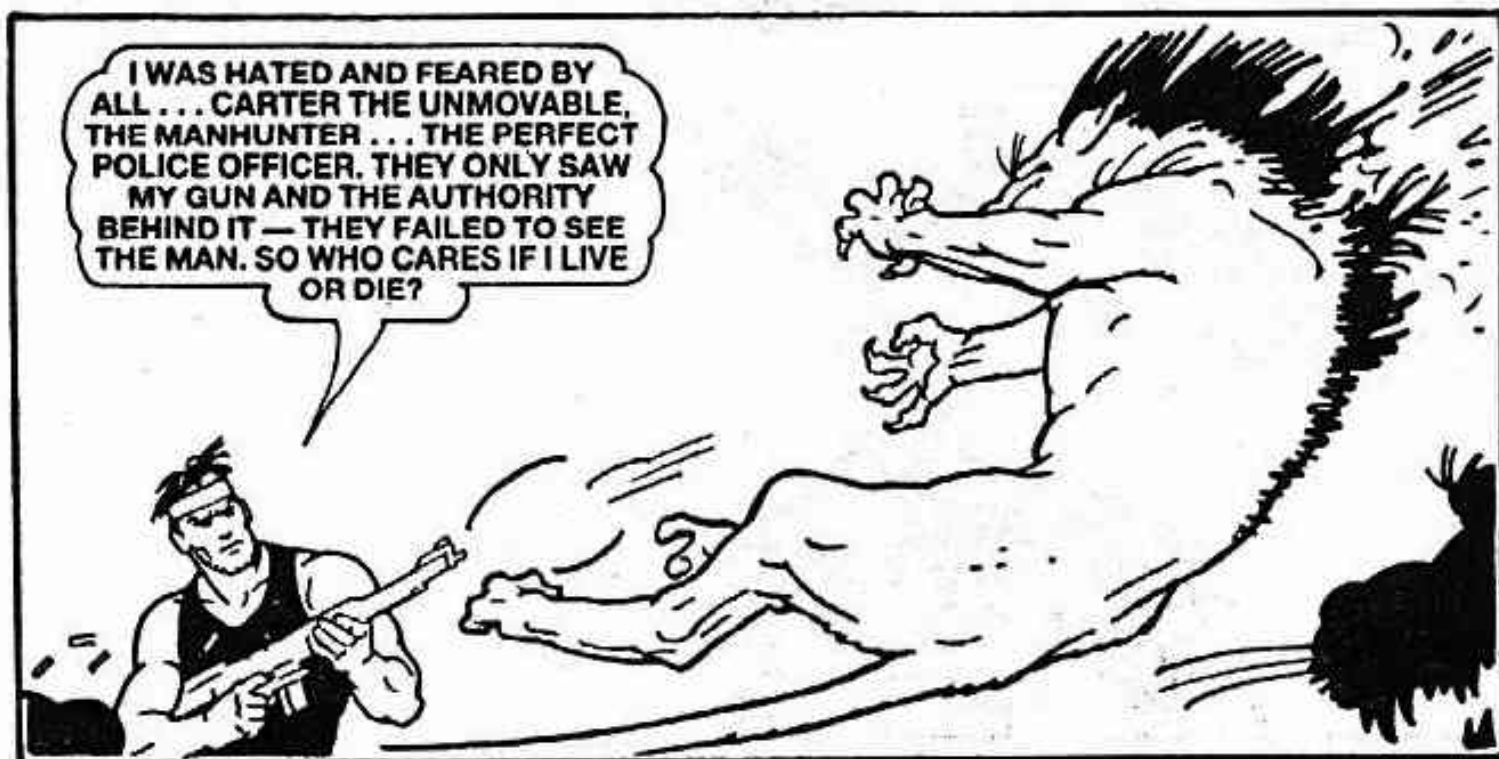


CARTER ADVANCED ON A SEETHING
MASS OF MARSHRATS ...

I WAS ONCE THE MANDROID
COP ... PART MACHINE,
PART HUMAN. BUT I LOST
MY HUMANITY WHEN
LAURA DIED. NOW ONLY
THE UNFEELING MACHINE
REMAINS.



I WAS HATED AND FEARED BY
ALL ... CARTER THE UNMOVABLE,
THE MANHUNTER ... THE PERFECT
POLICE OFFICER. THEY ONLY SAW
MY GUN AND THE AUTHORITY
BEHIND IT — THEY FAILED TO SEE
THE MAN. SO WHO CARES IF I LIVE
OR DIE?



CARTER EMPTIED HIS RIFLE—



NOW THEY HAD CARTER IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY FINISHED THEIR GRISLY WORK. WITH RAZOR SHARP TEETH AS STRONG AS STEEL, THEY COULD DEVOUR A MAN IN MINUTES...

AAAAGGGGGHHHH!



JUST THEN...

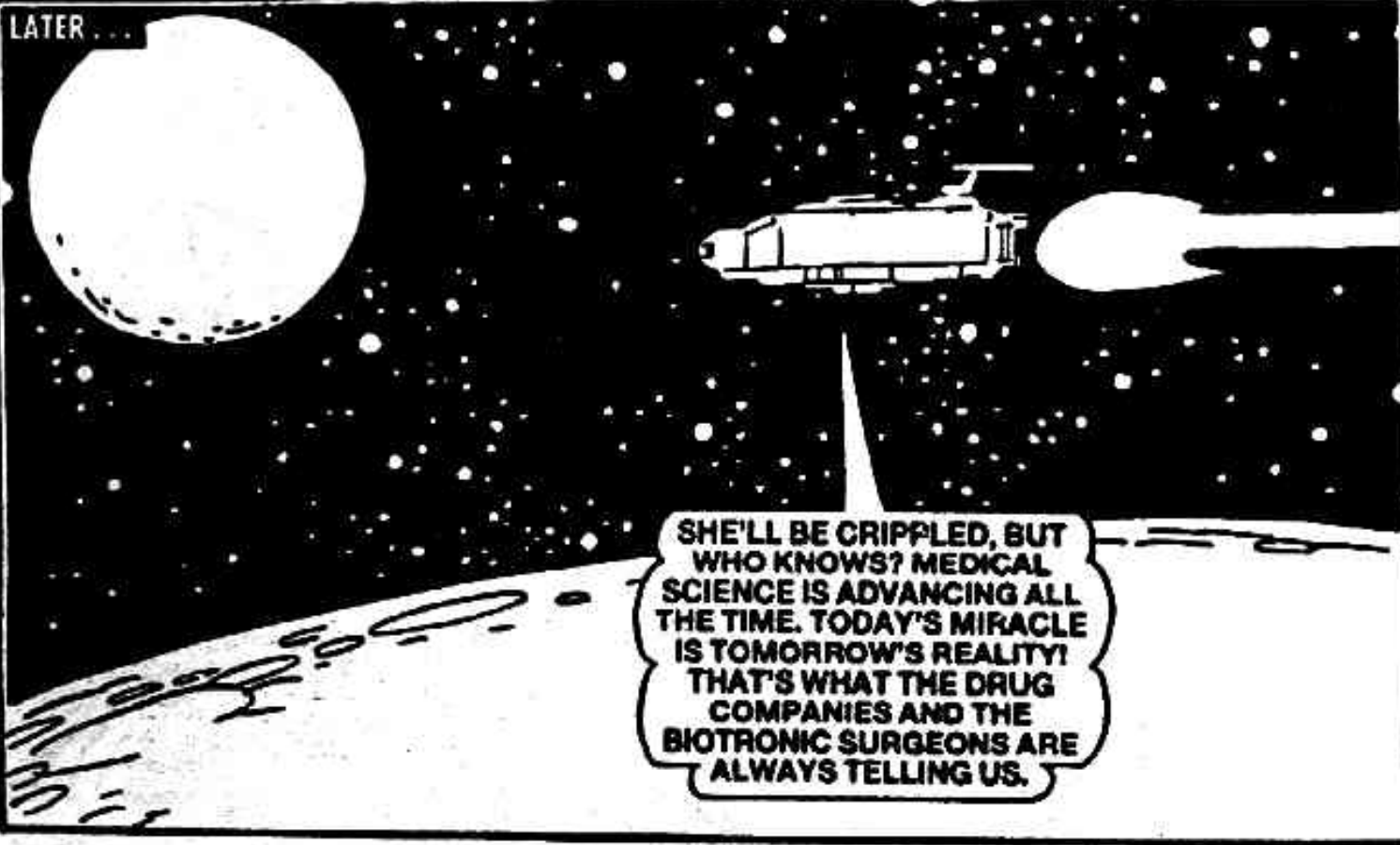
WHAT THE...!!?!!







LATER...



SHE'LL BE CRIPPLED, BUT WHO KNOWS? MEDICAL SCIENCE IS ADVANCING ALL THE TIME. TODAY'S MIRACLE IS TOMORROW'S REALITY! THAT'S WHAT THE DRUG COMPANIES AND THE BIOTRONIC SURGEONS ARE ALWAYS TELLING US.



HERE'S YOUR INVESTIGATOR'S IDENTITY HOLOTAG. CHIEF LEGAL EXECUTIVE HOLLARD TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU THIS. ARE YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE, NOLAN — JUST FINE.

MEANWHILE, THE DEPARTMENT
PSYCHIATRIST HAD PAID A VISIT TO
HOLLARD ...

YOUR MAN NOLAN
REPORTED THAT CARTER
TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

NONSENSE! SUICIDE IS FOR
THE MENTALLY UNSTABLE.
WHEN THEY REBUILT
CARTER'S BRAIN THEY
MADE HIM SANER THAN
ANY OF US.

NORMALLY I WOULD AGREE
WITH YOU! BUT THEN NO ONE
WOULD HAVE BELIEVED
CARTER WOULD FALL IN LOVE
WITH THAT WOMAN.

WHEN THEY ARRIVED BACK TO
FEDERAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS
THE BUILDING WAS PACKED
WITH CARTER'S FELLOW
OFFICERS ...

THE KILLER'S BACK!



THAT'S ALL, GENTLEMEN!
CARTER HAS TO HAVE A
MEDICAL AND THEN A FEW
DAYS REST.

LET'S GET BACK
TO WORK, OKAY!




LATER...



HIS SHOOTING WAS AS SHARP AS EVER, YOU SAY.

YES, SIR. AT LEAST THE MINERS THOUGHT SO, THAT'S WHY THEY EMPLOYED HIM. THERE'S JUST HIS MENTAL STATE...



CARTER HAS NO PROBLEMS IN THAT AREA — AND THAT'S OFFICIAL.

THE PSYCHIATRIST GIVES HIM A GRADE ALPHA-PLUS... THAT'S WELL ABOVE AVERAGE.

BETTER THAN YOU OR I.

NOLAN HAD NO DESIRE TO ARGUE WITH THE EXPERTS, BUT THERE WAS STILL A SMALL NAGGING DOUBT DEEP IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND.

IF EVERYONE WAS AS SANE AS CARTER THERE'D BE NO CRIME... AND WE'D BE OUT OF A JOB. PRETTY IRONIC, EH?

CARTER TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF... OR DID I ONLY IMAGINE IT?

PSYCHO
ASSESSMENT
UNIT B3

TWO DAYS LATER...

A GALACTIC MOTORS "EXEC-CRUISER"! THIS MODEL'S WORTH AT LEAST 35,000 CREDITS!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN WHILE I DISENGAGE THE ALARM SYSTEM.



HURRY UP!

ALMOST FINISHED! JUST
ONE MORE CIRCUIT TO ...



BUT ...

POLICE! YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST.

HUH?



THE SECOND CRIMO REACTED WITH AMAZING SPEED!

UNDER FEDERAL LAW 99/7A
YOU ARE OBLIGED TO MAKE A
STATEMENT AND TAKE A
NEURO-LIE DETECTOR TEST.
YOU ARE ALSO ENTITLED TO
FREE LEGAL
REPRESENTATION.

GET LOST!



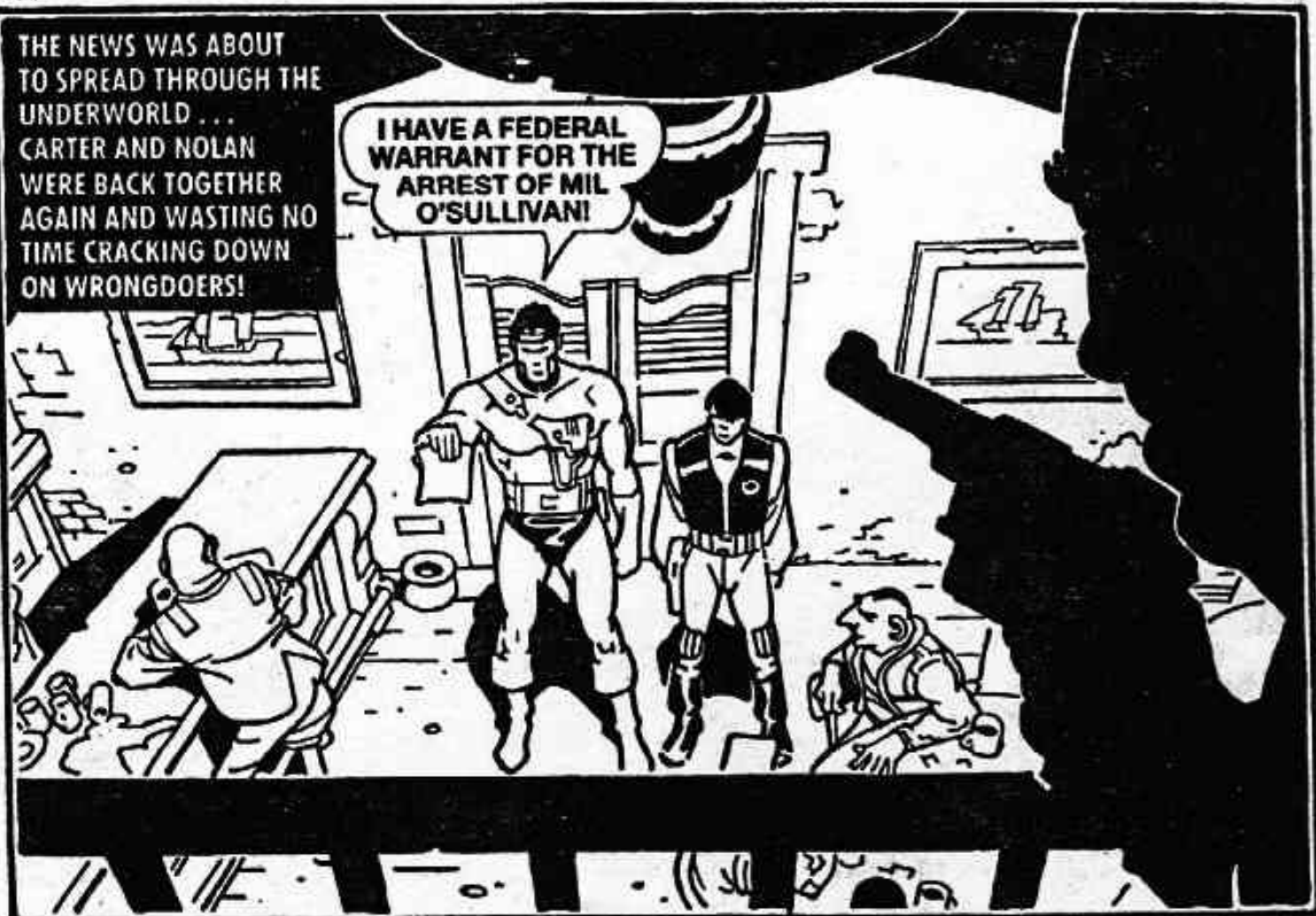
HE DIDN'T
GET VERY FAR.

GOING SOMEWHERE,
CRIMO?



THE NEWS WAS ABOUT
TO SPREAD THROUGH THE
UNDERWORLD ...
CARTER AND NOLAN
WERE BACK TOGETHER
AGAIN AND WASTING NO
TIME CRACKING DOWN
ON WRONGDOERS!

I HAVE A FEDERAL
WARRANT FOR THE
ARREST OF MIL
O'SULLIVAN!

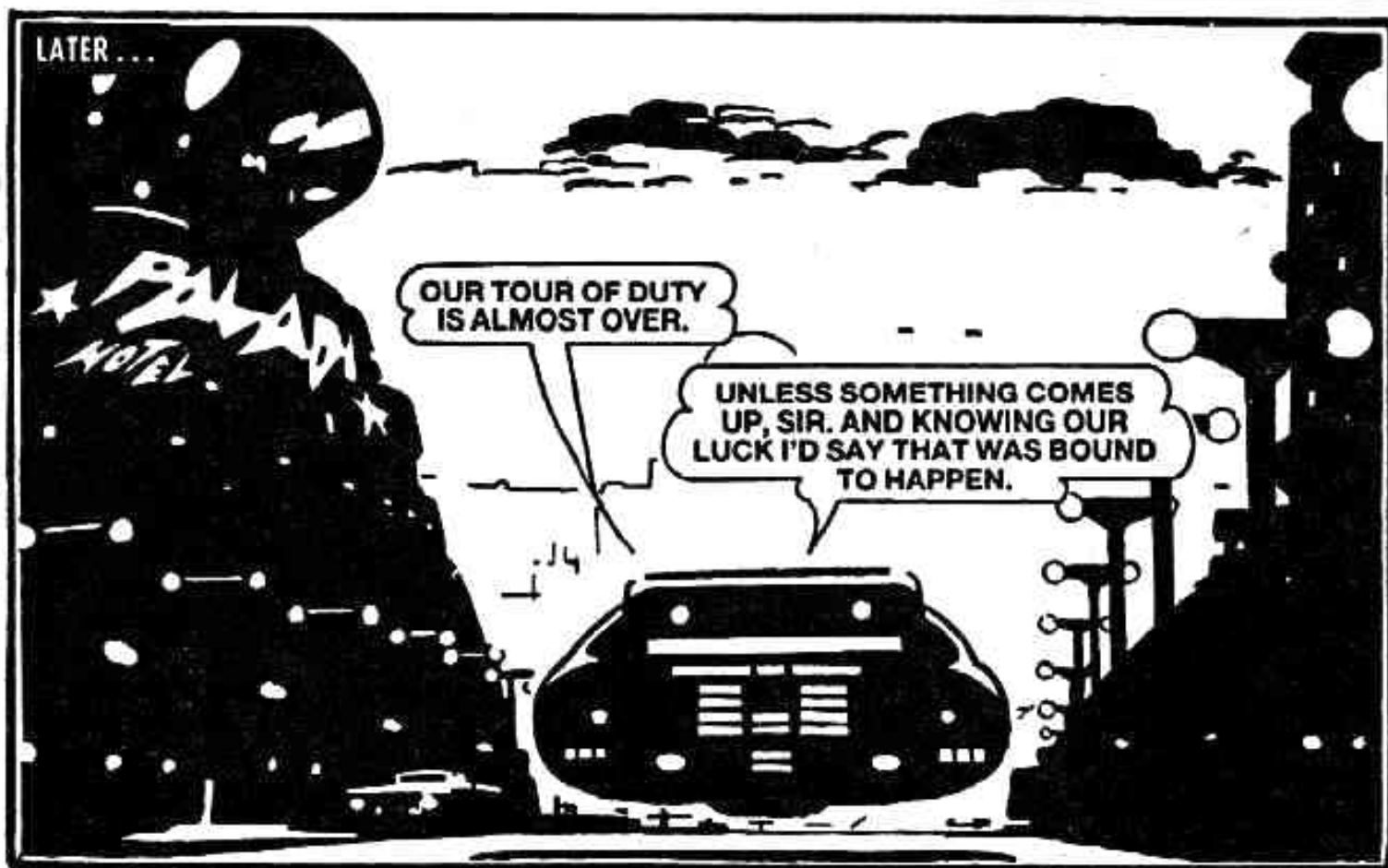


YOU'RE NOT TAKING
ME ALIVE, COPPERS!

ZAP!

WHAT THE ... ?!!!

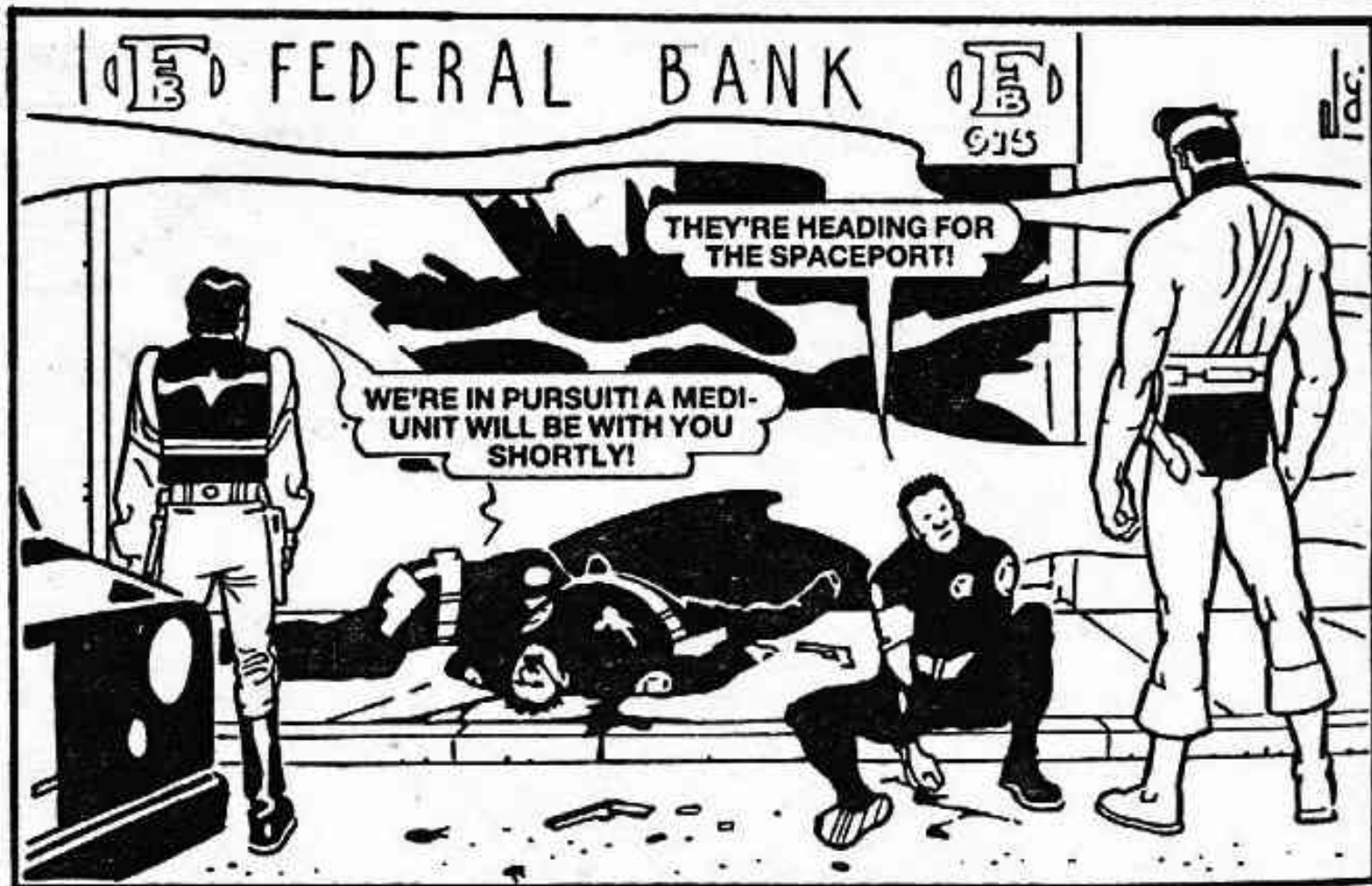




NOLAN HAD NO SOONER SPOKEN THAN THE VOICE OF THE ANDROID OPERATOR CAME OVER THE COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK ...

ROBBERY IN PROGRESS,
SECTOR 5B. ALL VEHICLES
IN THE AREA TO RESPOND.

SEE WHAT I
MEAN, SIR?



THE COMPUTER WAS TRACKING THE ROBBERS, LAND VEHICLE AS CARTER ENGAGED THE TURBO-DRIVE AND PUSHED THE SPEED UP TO 340 MPH!

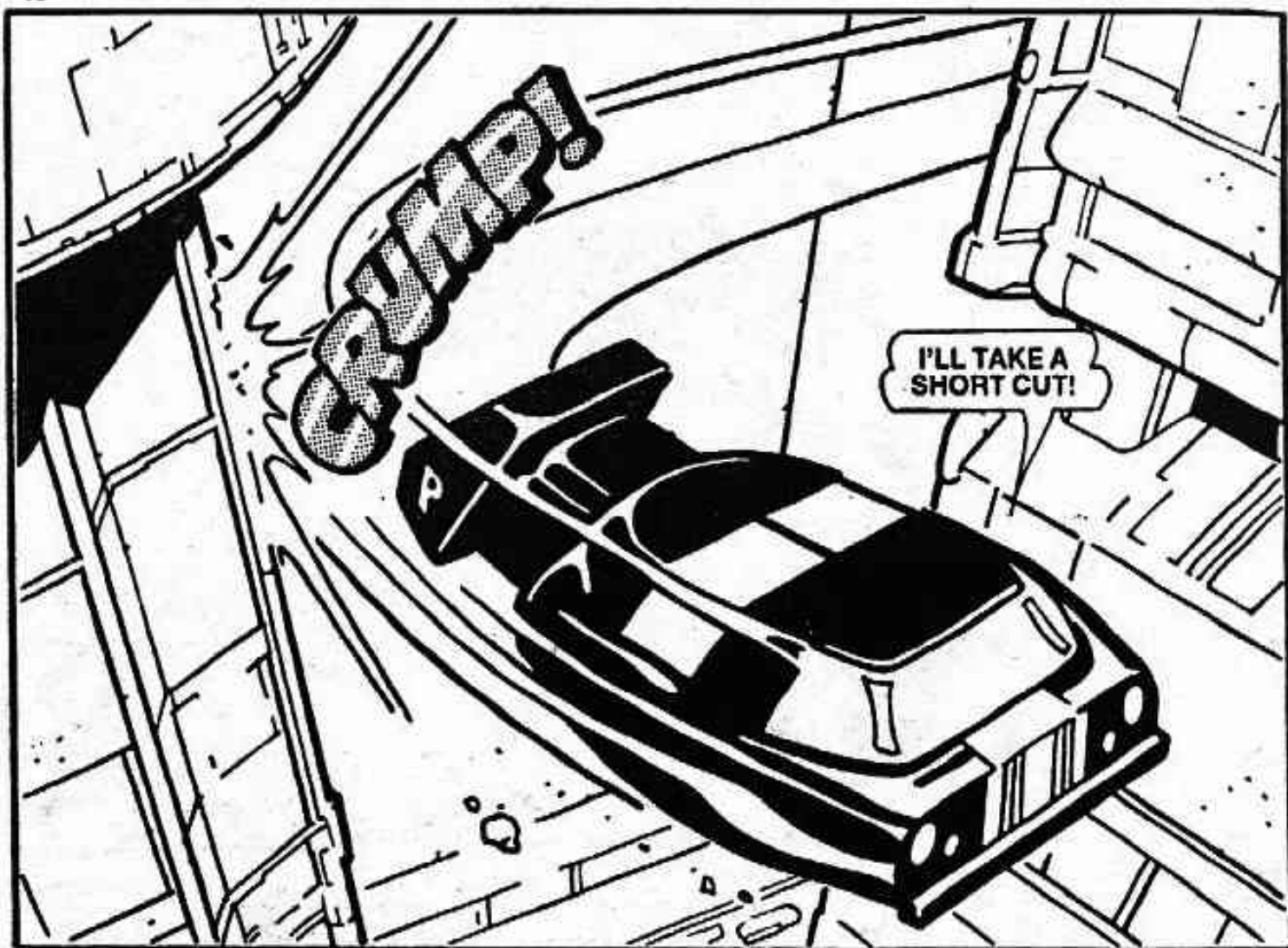
SUSPECTS ARE USING ROUTE 894.

WE MAY BE ABLE TO CUT THEM OFF AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION.

TAKE IT EASY, SIR! YOU'RE EXCEEDING THE SPEED REGULATIONS FOR PURSUING LAND VEHICLES!

WHEN TRAFFIC CONDITIONS ARE LIGHT THE REGULATIONS ALSO ALLOW AN OFFICER TO USE HIS OWN JUDGEMENT ... WHICH IS PRECISELY WHAT I'M DOING NOW.





CARTER DIDN'T REDUCE SPEED
AS HE WENT THROUGH THE
NARROW WINDING ALLEY ...

LOOK OUT!

SOMETHING WRONG,
MR NOLAN?



BACK THERE ON THAT
PLANET YOU WANTED TO KILL
YOURSELF... AND IT LOOKS
TO ME LIKE YOU'RE TRYING
TO DO IT AGAIN!

SO YOU KNOW?



I TAKE IT YOU REPORTED
THIS TO HOLLARD.

YES, BUT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE
ME... NEITHER DID THE
PSYCHIATRIST. HE GAVE YOU A
CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH.

JUST THEN ...

THERE THEY ARE!

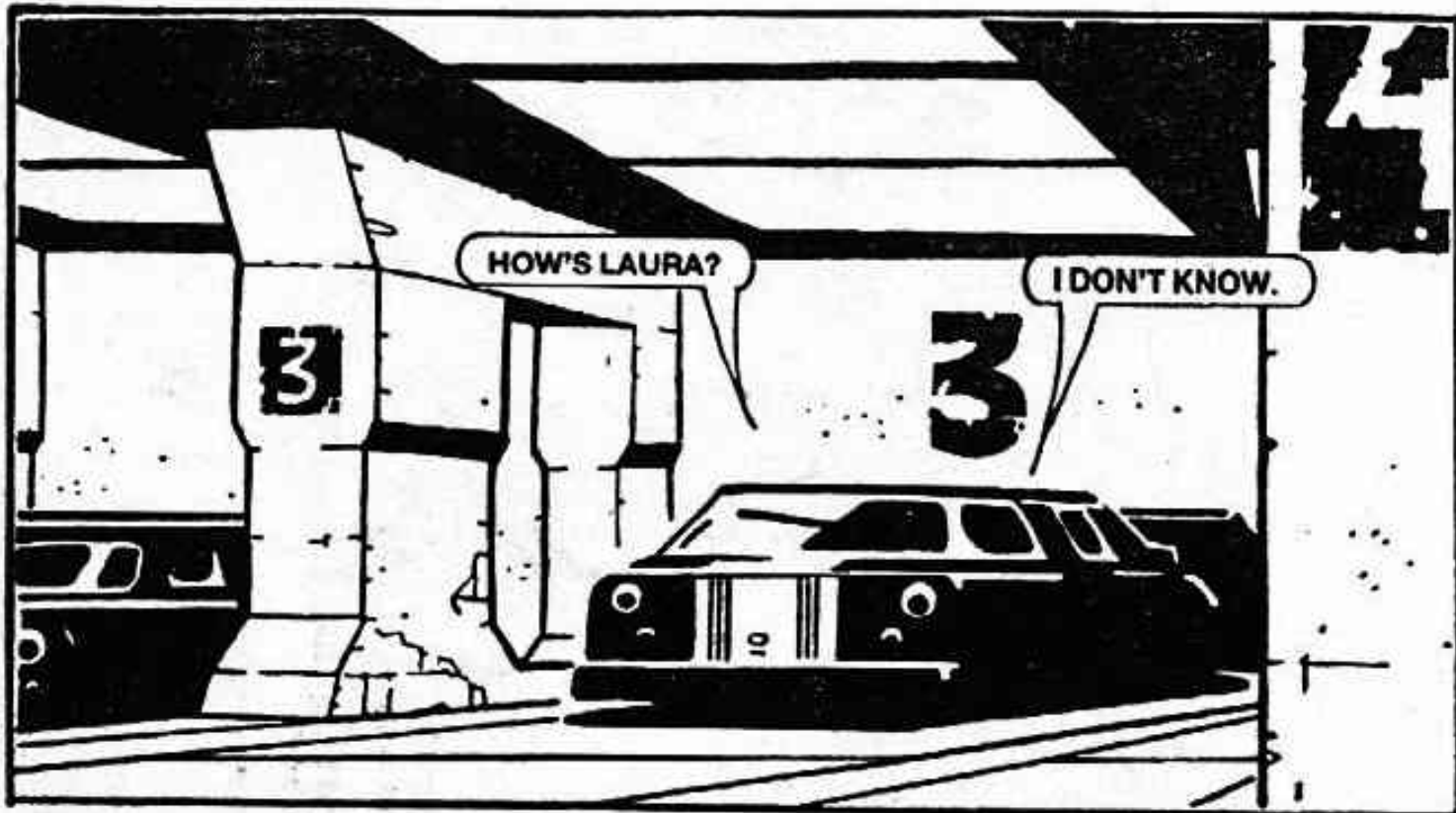


FACED WITH A POLICE LAND VEHICLE
RUSHING TOWARDS THEM AT OVER 300
MPH, THE ROBBERS HAD NO CHOICE BUT
TO TAKE EVASIVE ACTION ... WITH
DISASTROUS RESULTS!

AAAAGGGGGHHHH!



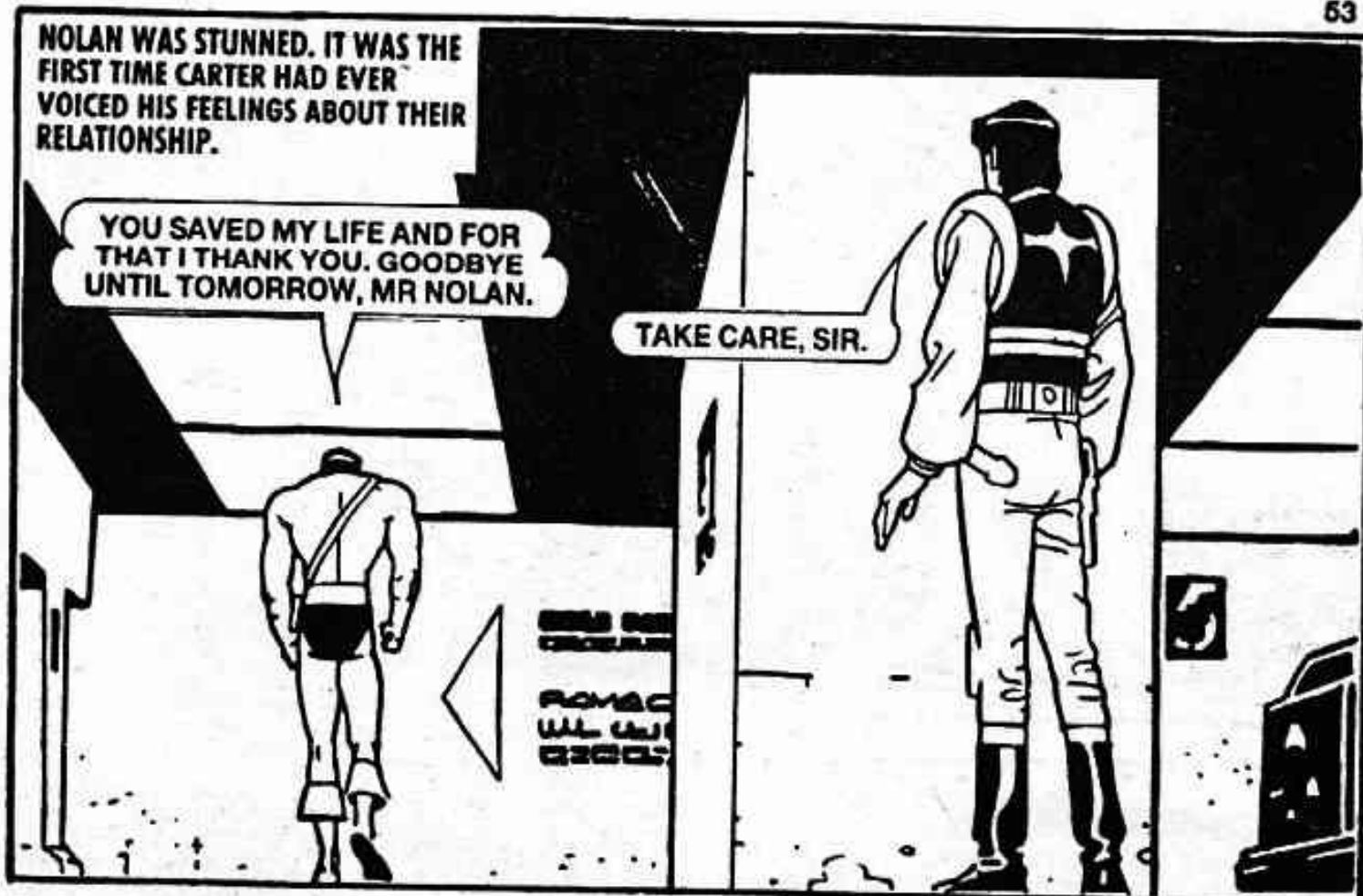




NOLAN WAS STUNNED. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME CARTER HAD EVER VOICED HIS FEELINGS ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND FOR THAT I THANK YOU. GOODBYE UNTIL TOMORROW, MR NOLAN.

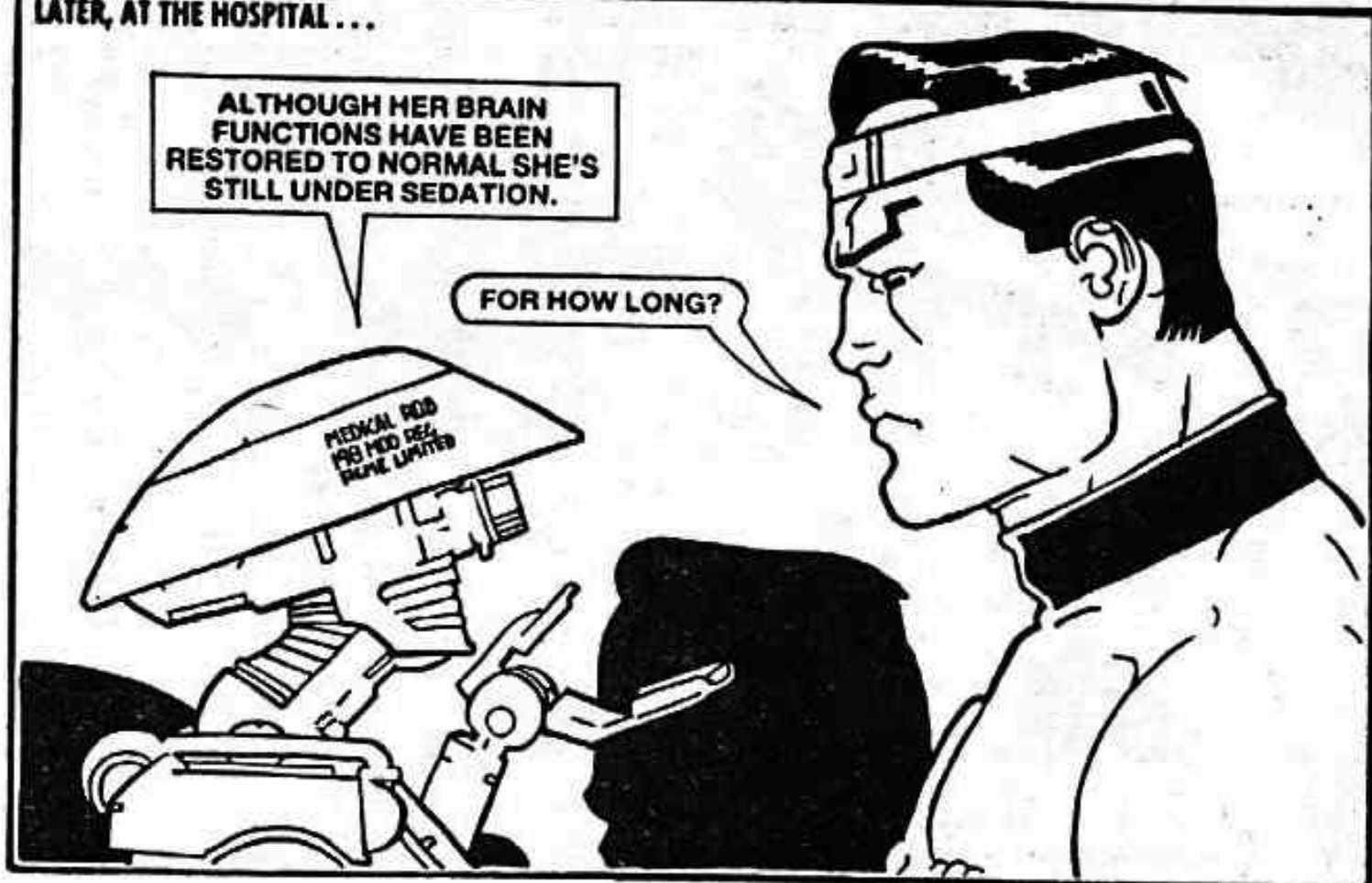
TAKE CARE, SIR.



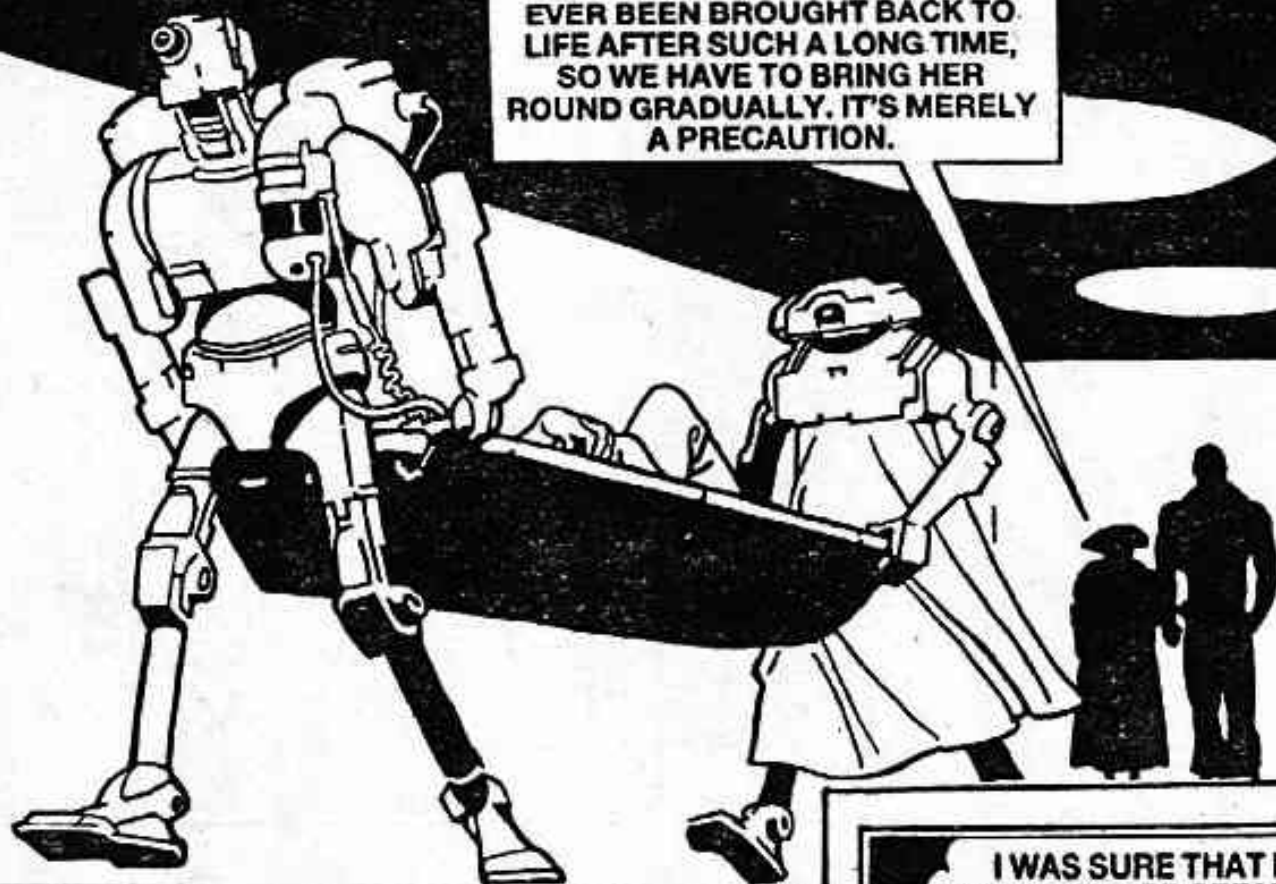
LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL ...

ALTHOUGH HER BRAIN FUNCTIONS HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO NORMAL SHE'S STILL UNDER SEDATION.

FOR HOW LONG?



ANOTHER WEEK! NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE AFTER SUCH A LONG TIME, SO WE HAVE TO BRING HER ROUND GRADUALLY. IT'S MERELY A PRECAUTION.



YOU MAY STAY WITH HER FOR A WHILE.

THANK YOU!



I WAS SURE THAT I WOULD NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN. THERE WAS SO MUCH I WANTED TO TELL YOU ...



CARTER'S THOUGHTS DRIFTED
BACK TO A FAR HAPPIER TIME.

I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN A TAXI!

WHO CARES? DON'T TELL ME A
BRAVE POLICE OFFICER LIKE
YOU IS SCARED OF A LITTLE
RAIN?



LET'S CELEBRATE
BEING ALIVE! AND FOR
AS LONG AS I LIVE I'LL
LOVE YOU ... NEVER
FORGET THAT.



AS CARTER SAT IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM
THOSE SCENES FLASHED THROUGH HIS
MIND WITH A CLARITY SO SHARP IT
WAS AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN
TRANSPORTED BACK IN TIME TO THAT
MOMENT EIGHT YEARS AGO . . .



IT WILL BE DONE,
LAURA . . . I PROMISE IT.



THE NEXT DAY, WHILE MAKING A ROUTINE VISIT TO AN INFORMER, THEY RECEIVED AN EMERGENCY CALL OVER THE RADIO ...

IT'S JUST A DOMESTIC DISPUTE, SIR. THE UNIFORMED PATROL CAN HANDLE IT.



WE'RE NOT BUSY ... AND WE HAVE TO GO PAST THE BUILDING ANYWAY.

THEY WERE ARGUING AND WE HEARD HER SCREAM, SO WE CALLED THE POLICE!

STAND BACK, PLEASE.

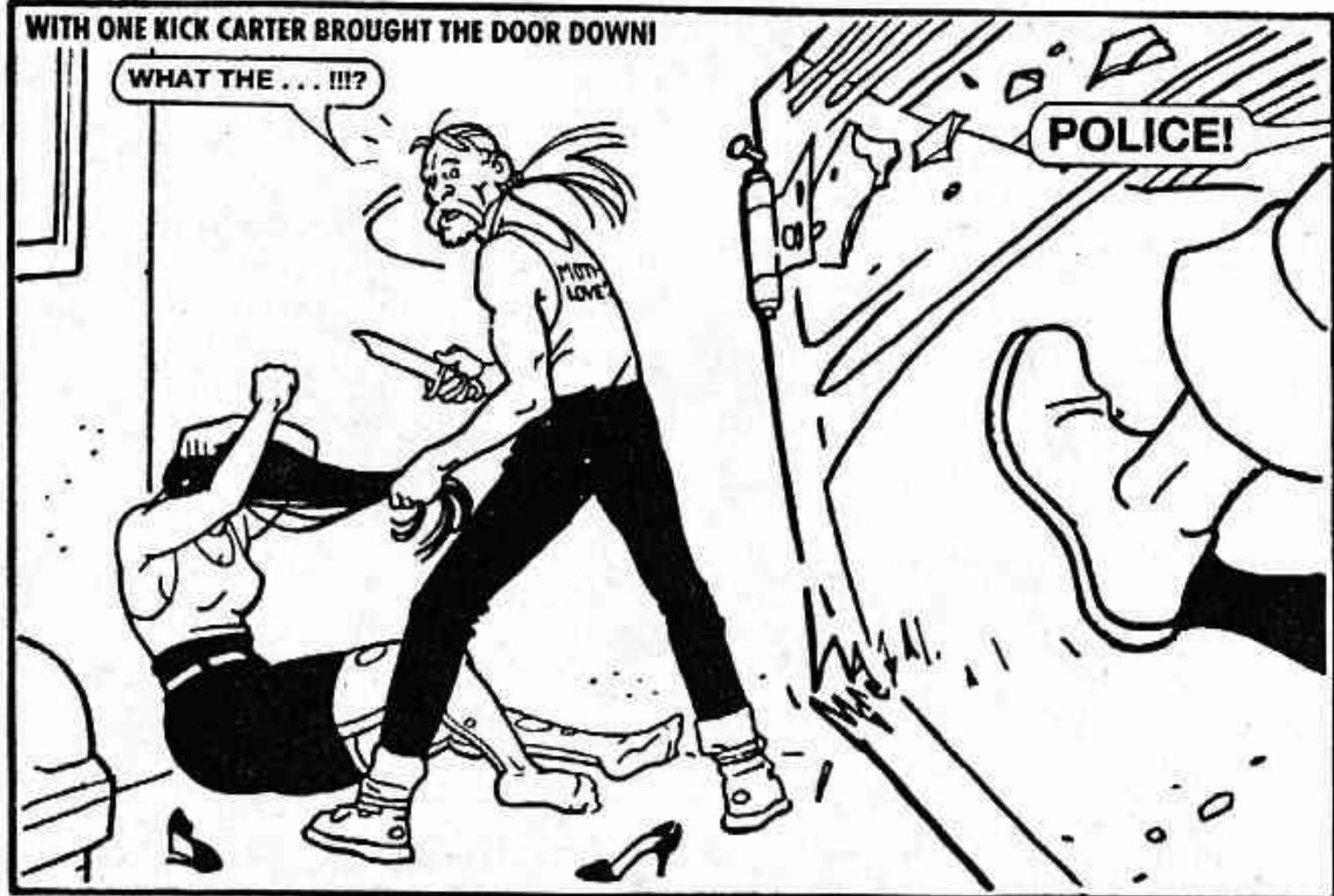
HE WON'T OPEN THE DOOR! I THINK HE'S GONE CRAZY!



WITH ONE KICK CARTER BROUGHT THE DOOR DOWN!

WHAT THE ... !!!?

POLICE!



STAY OUT OF IT, COPI! THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND MY WIFE!

ARE YOU THREATENING ME, CRIMO?



THE MAN MADE A BIG MISTAKE IN
WAVING HIS KNIFE AT CARTER!
BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT WAS
HAPPENING CARTER'S HAND FLASHED
OUT AND GRABBED HIM BY THE
WRIST...

AAAGGGGHHH!



CARTER TIGHTENED HIS GRIP,
CRUSHING THE BONES IN THE
MAN'S WRIST!

URRRGGGGHHHH!
STOP IT... PLEASE!

... PLUS A NUMBER OF
OTHER CHARGES. YOU
WILL NOW ACCOMPANY
ME TO THE NEAREST
POLICE PRECINCT.



I DISLIKE PEOPLE WHO
OFFER VIOLENCE TO
FEMALES.



THAT NIGHT, WHILE
PLAYING CARDS AT THE
APARTMENT OF A FELLOW
OFFICER...

ANOTHER HAND?

DEAL ME OUT, JAKE. I NEED
TO GET SOME FRESH AIR.



THE EPISODE WITH THE WIFE BEATER HAD BEEN PLAYING ON NOLAN'S MIND ...

CARTER HAS CHANGED AND IT'S NOT JUST MY IMAGINATION! WE'VE ALL BEEN TEMPTED TO TAKE OUR ANGER OUT ON WIFE BEATERS ... THEY'RE AMONGST THE LOWEST SCUM IN THE GALAXY! BUT THAT'S A HUMAN EMOTION AND CARTER IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

NOLAN FOUND HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL. PERHAPS A VOICE IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS TOLD HIM TO TAKE THAT PARTICULAR ROUTE ... WHO KNOWS?

HELLO? THERE'S SOMEONE CLIMBING OUT OF THAT WINDOW!

HALT, CRIMO! I'M A POLICE
OFFICER AND I'M ARMED! TURN
AROUND SLOWLY WITH BOTH
HANDS IN THE AIR!



AS THE FIGURE TURNED ...

CARTER!

YOU DO NOT NEED THAT
WEAPON ... I WILL OFFER
NO RESISTANCE.





THERE WAS NO TRACE OF EMOTION IN CARTER'S VOICE... IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WERE DESCRIBING A CRIME COMMITTED BY SOMEONE ELSE.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

IT WAS LAURA'S WISH... SHE COMMUNICATED IT TO ME BY TELEPATHY, CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL. SHE DID NOT WANT TO LIVE AS A MEDICAL CURIOSITY.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE FOR HER? A PERSON WITH JUST A BRAIN AND A BODY THAT NO LONGER FUNCTIONS. AND WHAT OF HER BRAIN? ONE THING THE MEDICAL EXPERTS DIDN'T MENTION WAS THAT HER BRAIN WAS ALSO DAMAGED.



CARTER WAS RIGHT — THE POST MORTEM REVEALED NOTHING SUSPICIOUS AND THE DOCTORS ASSUMED THE EXPERIMENT HAD GONE WRONG ...

I GUESS YOU CAN'T KILL SOMEBODY WHO'S ALREADY DEAD, CARTER. I WON'T SAY A THING.

THANKS, NOLAN! DO ME A FAVOUR ... DON'T DIE ON ME, YOU'RE THE ONLY ... ER ... FRIEND I HAVE!

PART OF CARTER HAD DIED WITH LAURA, BUT EVEN CARTER WASN'T SURE WHICH PART.

**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**



NOW ON SALE

CARTER'S FURY

**Carter the
mandroid
had had
enough!
Years of
crime-
fighting had
taken their
toll and
Carter had
no desire to
go on. But
the Law
Enforcement
Organisation
had invested
too much
money and
time to let
him go. So
they hatched
a bizarre
plot to lure
him back.
And this plot
involved
Laura, the
very reason
he'd
resigned.**

